

## Gerald Joling

### "Money's the Reason"

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(\*Billy Cook\*)

Oh-oooh-oooh

We ball-ing, Mun-E heeey

[Chorus: Billy Cook]

Money is the reason that the girls be calling

A pimp with game, rolling Dealies and Impalas

Placks on my wall, see my screens fall

20 inches crawl in my video, that's the way we ball

Money is the reason that the girls be calling

A playa with game, rolling Dealies and Impalas

Ice on my wrist, rocks on my fist

Sipping Kryz in the club hatas, even boppers show me  
love

[L.T.]

Now L.T. about to ball, and make my 6-4 hop

Grip my grain and swang, and body rock the whole  
block

Keep my Lacs on top, a bad bitch to bop

Pulling up drop tops, playboy I won't stop

I'm too hot you niggas cold, my paper fin to fold

Putting bitches on hoes, while the block on deroad

And make ends, I'm thinking a Lac a baby Benz

They both on twins, with a bitch in the wind

With some friends cause I'm balling, my fifth four  
falling

The other four crawling, spend a thousand at the mall  
and

You stalling I'm flipping, wood grain gripping

Slowly I be tipping, down your block in Expeditions

We sipping get with it, I know you niggas feel it

L.T. gon stay spitting, cause I'm one of the realest

Whoever whenever, my niggas got chedda

L.T. a good fella, to my chest with barrettas

I'm on it a Benz I'ma flaunt it, we don't talk about shit

Just watch a nigga, jump up on it for real

You know a nigga hold it down in this bitch

Doing short time in this bitch, we balling

[Chorus]

[Mun-E]

When it comes to money, nothing's impossible  
Got me flossing big body, taking trips to the tropical  
Smoking on optimoes, bouncing and turning on vogues  
Smashing on four's, wood on my dashboard  
Too expensive clothes, diamond rings and piece and  
chains  
It glow throwed in the game, so I'ma let my nuts hang  
To the floor, sip some Surubber champagne  
Tighten the grip up on your grain  
We stay in the sky its a pimp in a plane  
When I'm on the streets, I be switching the lanes  
Flipping the screen, living your dream, drop top  
Bentley  
With twenty inch thangs, beating and banging the block  
Went platinum, before my album even dropped  
Dollas I cop, hoes that bop, Mun-E gets Mun-E got  
Getting rich, while I'm blowing up the spot  
Calling all the shots, giving y'all something to screw  
and chop  
Keeping haters heads hot, when it just don't stop, as i  
rise to the top

[Chorus]

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